THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JANUARY 20,

CHIEFTAN AND CHUM.

William Nye Drops a Few Pearly other way. Tears on the Tomb of Colorow.

A COLLECTION OF GUILTY STAINS.

[WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.] STILL AT LARGE.



to allow any furof the Southern Utes. I will now regarded as a great statesman even by

cially by his paing homicide. He did not care for the pomp and circumstance of war, for the blast of bugles, the neighing of red-nostriled chargers or the gaudy trappings and paraphernalia of combat. He preferred the quiet of the boskey dell, the silent night, the sough of the pine or any other sougherer so that he was not included himself, the quiet of the forest, the deep hush of the lonely gulch, with none but the Great Spirit and the regular army to watch him, then with a steady aim and the click of his approved Winchester, the echoes and the lonely prospector died away

Do I not know him? Have we not roamed over the North Park and Muddy Pass and along Owl creek and over Independence Mountain together, or very nearly so, I being only two or three mountains in advance? HIS GUILTY STAINS.

together. The stream moved gently on.

Then Colorow's own special buzzard de-scended from the crest of the hills and be-

not ask to be banqueted on his return.

He scorned the popular approval and asked

for no recognition other than the conscious-ness of duty well done. That was Colorow's

But he is gone. Colorow celebrated his Christmas by sitting around the depot of the Great Hence. Philanthropists tell us that he has gone directly to heaven. I hope not. That is I hope he has not gone directly there. I trust that he had a chance to stop of stains of any savage I had ever assoto heaven, and it becomes generally known, it will certainly do much to discourage travel that way next year, and salvation, which has herctofore been entirely free. will be placed on the list of articles requir-

Colorow's death was caused by pneumonia directly, brought on by exposure. It seems that a year ago at a full dress ball, given at when he changed from a high to a low-cut | weeks. vest and pneumonia harvested the great

foe and would rather do that than anything He started in as a young man to wipe out the United States, and though he did not succeed he has done what he could. He did not care for publicity or press notices. He just wanted to know that he had the approval of his own little smoke-tanned cor science and then he would take an old rag and some kerosene oil and clean out his old rifle and start out again. Some days he



Interviewing the Lay Figure.

would scare up two or three white men and get them all. Other days he would have to content himself with a little dead child. Very often he played to poor business, but he never murmured or repined. A CONSERVATIVE MAN.

Colorow did not believe in industry or open hostility. He was a conservative Jack the Ripper on his father's side. All his ancestors were long-lived people. That is, they generally succeeded in living longer than those who looked at things from a different standpoint. Those who ally ran across each other in a better land He was quite like all successful murderers and reminded me in many ways of old mar Bender in his more prosperous days. Still he had an air about him which though flavored with the past, still commanded respect, and when he asked a man at the table to please pass the butter, that man would drop everything else he had on hand and pass the

but I forgive him now that he is dead. I did not criticise him at the time, for the day he jumped the mine I jumped the country and so I thought I would say nothing more about it. I had just been down the gulch a little way and was returning. As I strolled on, up the little trail, I burst forth into My soul was full and just seemed to swell up in one of the most joyous little pianos that ever jolted the geological forma-

It was at this time that Colorow and I were thrown together. I knew him by his scarred and powder-burned face. From what he said I could see that we would There could be nothing in common between two men of such entirely opposite tastes. He was a thick-set, hairy man with an im-mediate gun. I a tall, lithe, blonde person, less hairy than he and ill-fitted for assassi-

together with the 65 feet of water and assess-ments, I wot not. I would not wot if I train, I asked him to dine with me some wanted to. I only know that Colorow i dead, and that knowing him as I do, I would

advise the angelic host to conceal its crowns every night; also to see that the aged chief does not push the women and children over the battlements while they are looking the

DRIVEN BY ADVERSITY.

I met a sad-looking man in the smoking car the other day. He was woe begone and cast down, and looked as though he had a suit of clothes which did not fit him and The Novel Experience of an Advertising

Lay Figure.

A SENTIMENTAL ASPECT OF POLITICS

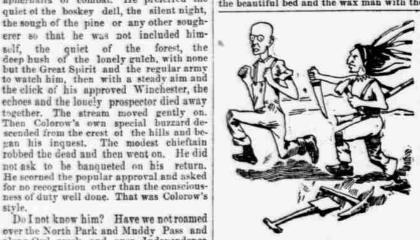
Suit of clothes which did not fit him and there were dried clover blossoms in his hair. The air of poverty and the haymow pervaded his neighborhood. He told me he was well educated but poor, oh so poor. He looked down in his clothes and said they were not made especially for him. I told him that I had judged so. He said he was a college graduate but somehow had never succeeded because he only knew what a lot of other people knew and the other people. of other people knew and the other people had secured the job of knowing those things at a salary while he just knew them for his

own amusement.

Last summer he was driven into New ther time to elapse | York, not by his own coachman as some before paying a deserved tribute to the memory of the memory of Often he was tempted to eat his assets, he my old friend and comrade in arms, Colorow, the Chief of trade. So he tried Seventh avenue.

He hired out to act as a lay figure. That looks like an easy job, but little does the average barbarian know of toil. He hired himself to a bed manufacturer. In the show window it was the custom to make up a handsome bed, using the Morpheus Joltless Couch or some other new style, collapsing bed and baby grand pianos combined. He his tribe, but he hired to repose in this bed at so much per won the faith and day and his board. All he had to do was approval of his people more espe-cially by his nacially by his pa-tient and efficient Chicago museums, and not allow himself to methods of untir-ot care for the pomp and disgrace himself.

ART CRITICISMS. People used to flatten their noses up against the widow from 6 o'clock in the morning till 8.0 clock at night, looking at the beautiful bed and the wax man with the



A Friendly Encounter With Colorow,

nice fuzzy whiskers as the counterpane rose and fell with each gentle resperation. It was real good. It was not what you could call sedentary business and yet it was not difficult. It was not, however, a calling which aroused the faculties much and a man without a college education could have soon learned so the crowd would not have known the difference.

hair, others said one ear was bigger than the other. Most everybody saw where could have improved on him.

His clothes were put away by an attendant each day, and brought back to him at night. He never knew where they were. He only knew that he lay like a boarder taking his rest with his folding bed about him. One hot day last summer a little boy came up to the open window and threw a big cannon fire caacker in on the lay figure Ousary, he forgot to bandage up his lungs and then went away from there for a few

That was the time when the college gradwarrior just as yuletide was coming on.

He was not a ready speaker, and as a trimmed with red tattering around the yoke lecturer and reader of his own words he was and sleeves, and with a special train to it, repeatedly criticised, but he was a lifeless abandoned the position which he had before occupied. That is the reason he attracted attention as he passed the City Hall on his way to the Brooklyn bridge. That is the reason why he now wears a suit of clothes which he ordered in a hurry, a suit of clothes which was made for the lay figure in a New Jersey corn-field but which were doubtless returned as unsatisfactory. A FLUENT TALKER.

Still he was a good talker, and his conversation interested me very much. He got to talking finally of the South and inci-dentally of the bloody shirt element on the one hand and the gum tolu reconcilers on the other. Incidentally he used, as nearly as I can recall it, about the following

"The growth of conciliation between the

anguage:

North and the South is the slow growth of years and the work of generations. When any man, North or South, in a public place takes occasion to talk in a mellow and mawkish way of the great love he now has for his old enemy, watch him. He is getting ready to ask a favor. I know that there is a beautiful, poetic idea in the reunion of two contending and shattered elements of a great | for themselves and others. nation. There is something beautifully pathetic in the picture of the North and South clasped in each other's arms and shedding a torrent of hot in a play, but do you believe that the aged | which is pregnant with extreme mischief mothers on either side have learned to love and needs no encouragement from external the foe that shot her son and burned her circumstance. There are too many, far too beautiful home? Do you believe that the many, women numerically; masses of these crippled veteran, North or South, now pas- women are well educated and unemployed; him of his glorious youth, made him a salvation lies in forcing themselves into feeble ruin and mowed down his comrades careers already overstocked by men; and the with swift death? Do you believe that either warrior is so fickle that he has de-

serted the cause for which he fought? "No, sir. This maudlin, mawkish style of purlor theatricals is worthy of the real estate speculator and the bloodless, windy wars between men who battle for post-

"Let the gentle finger of time undo the physical devastation wrought in the South. Let succeeding generations seek through natural methods to reunite the business and the traffic that were interrupted by the war. Let the South guarantee to Northern investor security to himself and his investment and he will not ask for the love which we read of in speeches, but do not expect and do not find in the South.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT. "Two warring parents on the verge of divorce have been saved the disgrace of separation and agreed to maintain their household for the sake of their children. Their love has been questioned by the world and their relations strained. Is it not bad

"Let time and merciful silence obliterate the scars of war, and succeeding generations, fostered by the smiles of national prosperity, soften the bitterness of the past and mellou the memory of a mighty struggle in which contending hosts called upon Almighty God to sustain the cause which it honestly

speculator who sells us an orange plantation in the everglades of Florida or a town lot overed with mortgages and fringed with

"Let us write and talk less for declama tory purposes and do more for posterity. When you see two people calling attention to their affection for each other, that is the time to speak to the police about it." I do not indorse all he said, but there was evening and be the life of the party.

BILL NYE.

FEMININE

Once More Reproached and Criticized by the Bold Onida.

HARDENING EFFECT OF CLUBS.

They Please the Average Woman, But Not the Woman of the World.

ONE DEFECT IN MODERN EDUCATION.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) ANDIDLY it is a false suades people that enjoy- and teaches a manor a woman to be able to be indifferent to the fitful and ent to the fitful and quickly exhausted pleas-

ures of social life. Society has many excellent uses; it forms the mind in one way as much as education forms it in

another. The friction which it affords with other minds softens prejudices, dissipates preconceived ideas, enlarges the intellectual horizon and animates and vivifies the whole intelligence, when it is of a high and delicate kind itself. But the safest mental preparation for it is that which does not overvalue or depend upon it. Those who cannot live without excitement, whether it take the form of parties to meet the Prince of Wales, or of cheap trips to eat shrimps at Margate, are unhappy, de-pendent on others, never independent of fortune. Club life will inevitably teach women to be more and more intolerant of privacy and monotony. Women usually like a thing to a dangereusly exaggerated extent whan they like it at all. It is almost certain that if they once acquire a taste for club life they will become impatient of any other; the constant quid novi? the constant change of society, the mimicry of masculine liberties and the case with which their personal wants are supplied, will all become pleasures which will grow on them. Women's clubs will, I repeat, never be much needed by women of the world who already possess all that such clubs would offer them in more satisfactory forms, but

A DANGEROUS ATTRACTION

to those classes of women, unhappily so much upon the increase, who, not mistresses of any home where they can reign, educated enough to be restless and vain, owning or earning competence enough to afford them leisure but not luxury, professing a sterile and unnatural indifference to the opinions and affections of men, who plunge into charlatanism, science or politics, in their search for excitement. These women, meeting only other women.

will increase their own discontent and inguilty stains. When I saw him buried in the North Park I noticed that he had the largest collection of guilty and other styles of extended that in order to look life-like. Some criticised his a woman. Women will harm the mind of order to look life-like. Some criticised his a woman much more dangerously than 99 men out of 100. "Beware of female inti-macies," was said by a wise diplomatist to his daughters, and the advice was sound.

Women's clubs will be hotbeds of such intimscies.

The jealous dislike with which men regard the attachment to a female friend of How long do you think it took me? Ninethe woman they love is well founded. To the friend are confided the dearest secrets

Oh! the little space between the walls and enemy. Few men are very wise and tew women are thoroughly loyal. All influence better objects of women's affections than women themselves, and the mental atmosphere which they bring with them is more robust and invigorating; whilst their views are, on the whole, juster and more sensible about most matters.

THE WOMEN OF THE WORLD.

Why women of the world are wiser in their judgments than women of the bour-geoisie is due to the fact that the former is constantly surrounded by an ever-changing society of which men are the most numerous members and the most intimate in association with her; the latter is, on the contrary, thrown for her intimate associates almost entirely upon female companions. The man is, perhaps, the strongest and best man who lives little with women, but the woman who lives most among women is by no means the sweetest or the wisest woman. There is an inclination among women in the present with immeasurable vanity, egotism and woe

Women's clubs will be the nucleus of this undesirable self-adoration now so general in the weaker sex. There is in women a hostility toward men, a jealousy of their powers tears down each other's backs as it is done | an envy of their pursuits and their awards, sionately loves the adversary who robbed they are being taught to believe that their inevitable result will be a deadly hostility between many classes of the two sexes. Clubs will largely increase that class of women who are already antagonistic to men, who are restless and uncomfortable in their homes, who have a passion for physical science because they hope to satisty through it their unwholosome curiosities, and who seller's window he began tapping on it to year's crop may rank among the very best

alone, will almost certainly be chiefly con- him. The granger kept on rapping, but the fined to the middle classes. Women of fashion will neither need nor care for them. Their members will be almost entirely re-cruited from the large class of tolerably clever, infinitely discontented women who are often declassees, always discontented and ill at ease, and who pass miserably from the fruitless restlessness of youth to an unloved and unlovely maturity.

THE DEFECT IN MODERN EDUCATION. taste for them to pose in public and make a cheap Romeo and Juliet tableau of themselves? The supreme defect of all modern educascientific or "special" the education be the more absolutely under its domination is the

development of the character neglected. The human mind is finite, like the human life; and if very much of one thing be forced on it, it is greedily filled by this to the exclusion of other and often more valuable God to sustain the cause which it honestly believed to be just.

"Let us leave the hollow mockery, the gush and rhetorical rot of reunited hearts to the fickle politician and the ague-stricken speculator who sells us an orange plantation in the everyledes of Florids, or a town let into unconscious vanity and egotism the naturally soft and pliant tissues of female character, and in after years club life, if it become general for women, will unques-

increase this offensive self-concen-

absolutely. The same effect upon woman will be more fatal, since more essentially uniovely is selfishness in her than in him. Everything which tends to take women out of their own homes is injurious to the world at large. The employment of one class of women in workrooms, shops and factories, the university training now bestowed on another class, the constant stir and pubanother class, the constant stir and publicity in which the highest class of all live and move and have their being serve alike to destroy the essential charm of women and remove them from the sphere of their natural happiness and influence. Club life will do this more and more, and will sub-stitute the head place of continual publicity

stitute the hard glare of continual publicity for that subdued light of home in which women are at their best and happiest. It is for the convenience of the average woman that a female club world is about to emerge into existence; and it is to the average woman that its effects will be eventually ANDIDLY it is a false most baneful, if, at the commencement, i may appear to offer her repose, amusement economy. It may flatter the vanity ment is to be found in excitement alone. The only really valuable rooms of a club house, but it will not give training is that which to them Miranda's charm, Desdemona's tenderness, Juliet's passion nor Cornelia's virtue.

AN INTERESTING HEIRLOOM.

An Oak Chest and the Condition Attached to the Possession of It.

Boston Courier.] In a certain Boston family there is an heirloom which is both interesting and, in whom the general public hears and knows these degenerate days, most suggestive. It but little. Unless there be a strike-and is a dower chest of carved oak, not wholly strikes are rare in this trade—they never unlike-except that it is smaller-the chests | figure in the newspapers, but pursue their in which Venetian brides of old used to be- calling quietly, unostentatiously and instow their wedding outfit.

This dower chest has been in the family nearly a century, and in it the oldest the figures which represent the value of the daughter of the family is expected to hoard annual output of Pittsburg's varied manuthe linen which she prepares against the facturing interests. Probably no other inday of her marriage, much after the fashion dustry of like importance commands so of German maidens. The one condition small a share of the public attention. attached to the possession of the chest is that the girl owning it shall with her own yet I am assured that it is a fact, that the hands make every article put into it. The will of the first owner provided that the chest should descend only to daughters employs over 250 workmen, women and of the house who would without assistance do all the sewing on their outfit of household linen. Thus far the condition has been scrupulously observed; and thus far, also, each owner of the chest has, in passing it on, left in it an elaborate piece of embroid-ered table linen.

In a time when the old-fashioned house-wifely arts have the reputation of being

neglected, there is something peculiarly pleasant in the idea of the dower chest and the way in which it has been carried out. The fourth bride has within a year taken it to her new home, stored with linen and damask, hemmed and embroidered by her own fingers, which handle a needle with no less dexterity than they have been trained by some of the finest masters in Europe to fly over the keys of the piano. The dower chest has become an institution in which not only the possessor, but all her family take a just pride, and skill in needlework is hardly likely to die out in that particular race as long as that carved oak coffer remains to exercise its beneficient

LOVELY WOMAN'S WAYS Furnish a Text for Numerous Complaints

From a Chronic Grumbler.

A chronic grumbler met a DISPATCH re porter, and sure of a sympathetic listener, began unfolding his tale of woe. Said he: 'Saturday night, about 5 o'clock, I went to the postoffice to get half a dozen stamps.

and the most dangerous confidences, and in | the window was just full of women-women her the lover or the husband almost always with market baskets, women with possesses his greatest and most insidious bundles, women with babies and women with umbrellas. They stepped which has a tendency to estrange women from men is bad, bad in itself and bad in its results. Men are not as virtuous as women and that until I thought I never would get would like them to be, nor are they often as out. A half dozen times, when I got almost clever as they imagine themselves to be, up to the window, I stepped back a little but, such as they are, they are indefinitely for some lady to be waited on, and three or four women thrust themselves forward, crowding against each other and pushing me back. Without acting in a very illmannered way I couldn't possibly get my stamps sooner, though if each comer had taken her turn in getting to the window all night have been waited upon in half the

"But if the women showed no respect fo a man's rights and privileges, neither did they for those of each other. Men who want to purchase stamps or tickets in a hurry form a line and take their turns. Women do nothing of the kind, but each one tries to get to the front first and pushes the smallest and the weakest of the crowd out of the way. The dear creatures are very delightful at home, no doubt, but not in a crowd of strangers. Then they are ill-mannered and make no attempts to conceal their rude-

And the grumbler looked, as he uttered the last word, like a man firmly convinced of the truth of what he was saying. But he must have been mistaken, of course.

A GRANGER'S MISTAKE

An Agriculturist Who Thought the Union Depot a Country Station.

"Whar's the ticket office?" asked a middle-aged farmer of the telegraph operator at the Union depot. "Just across the room," replied the teleg-

rapher, pointing the way. The country man walked over. Evidently his eyes were not good or else he had never been in any but a country railroad station before. He walked up to the little frame which incloses a sheet of glass be-hind which the daily weather bulletins are same ground. Pennsylvania tobacco in one possess neither the qualities which can attact attention. He succeeded. That is, attact attention attact attention. He succeeded. That is, the people in the station all began gazing at him and wandering what he was trying to do. The ticket agent was too busy to notice supposed window didn't raise. Finally some person showed him where the office was and he purchased a ticket to some station in Fayette county.

> IT AFFECTS THEM STRANGELY. The Sight of a Dentist's Chair Gives Patients

Chills and Fevers. "It's queer the way people are affected by visiting a dentist's office," remarked a dental surgeon to a DISPATCH reporter. "Some no sooner come here than they seem to be seized by a sudden chill which sets them to shivering all over. They get in the chair and I turn on the natural gas to make as much heat as possible. Why, I've even however long a man may have been engaged had to put blankets around my patients to

keep them comfortable on a warm day. Others are thrown into a feverish state, and the perspiration breaks out the minute they sit down. / Then of course I have to shut off "But the strangest thing about both classes of patients is that their chilliness or feverishness leaves them immediately after they quit the chair. It is nervousness and dread that cause these remarkable physical effects, I suppose. But it's about as hard on me as it is on them, for the unevenness of temperature in the operating room, which I must perforce endure, keeps me suffering from a cold, catarrh, or headache about half

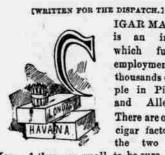
HISTORY OF A CIGAR.

The Material From Which It is Made and How It is Put Together,

By the Aid of Skillful Hands and Curiously Contrived Machines.

IN SHAPES TO SUIT THE SMOKER,

PITTSBURG TOBIES GAINING GROUND



ple in Pittsburg and Allegheny. There are over 200 cigar factories in the two cities. Many of them are small, to be sure, yet the aggregate annual revenue to the United States Government arising from the tax on their products reaches an enormous figure each year. The cigarmakers are a class of dustriously, year in and year out, helping

IGAR MAKING

is an industry

which furnishes

employment to

thousands of peo-

It is probably not generally known, and employs over 250 workmen, women and girls, and last year paid into the United States Treasury the neat little sum of \$66,-000 for revenue stamps. As the tax is \$3 on each 1.000, this represents a product of 22,000,000 cigars, or about 63 cigars per year for each man, woman and child in the two cities! And this, bear in mind, is only what one factory made. Divide up pro rata all the cigars made in all the factories during the year and there would probably be enough fall to the lot of each smoker to keep him supplied with smoking material for quite a number of years, if not for the rest of his lifetime.

largely toward swelling the grand total of



Stripping Tobacco.

But fortunately for the manufacturers they don't have to depend upon home consumption. Their goods find a market in all sections of the country. Even the much maligned and ridiculed Pittsburg toby— which the Government, with a sublime disregard for the eternal fitness of things, classifies and taxes as a "cigar"-is finding its way eastward and westward and bids fair, in time, to make its influence felt and smelt throughout the whole United States. Most men smoke cigars, yet comparatively few know how they are made. People seldom trouble themselves to visit the kitchen and ask the autocrat of that domain how he or she prepares the various dishes that make up the daily bill of fare. They don't care, at least men don't if the food tastes well. It's the same way about cigars. The average smoker cares not how they are constructed if they have the aroma, fragrance and other qualities which he likes Yet the process of cigar-making, as it is carried on in large establishments, is most interesting. In order to gain some infortion on the subject I went a few days ago to the large cigar factory before mentioned, and was courteously shown through it by

We first visited the lower floor of the building where the tobacco is received, unpacked and prepared for the cigar makers. It comes in large cases, the leaves being bunched and tied together in small packages called "hands." Some of it costs 10 cents a pound and some as much as



Bunching.

\$1 90. There is a great difference in the grades and prices of both foreign and domestic tobaccos. There is also a great differof domestic tobacco. Soil, climate, rainfall and drouth, each and all, have their effect in adding to or detracting from the value of the crop. The influence of soil is particularly strong. Other conditions may be ever so favorable, the plants may grow and flourish luxuriantly, yet certain localities can never raise good tobacco, because they haven't the right kind of soil. The leaf may be ever so fine in appearance and yet totally deficient in the agreeable flavor which makes it valuable. The climate and soil of Cuba impart to the tobacco grown the qualities which have made the word Havana famous among users of the weed all over the world.

The influence of soil upon the crop is so great as to be noticeable in leaves coming from the same field and even from the same acre of ground. Experts are able to judge, by examining specimens of leaf tobacco, in what part of the country it was grown. however long a man may have been engaged in the tobacco business, it is still possible for him to learn something. Sumatra tobacco is the highest priced of the imported material for cigar making. Thirty-five cents per pound is the import duty. This leaf is used as a wrapper for fine cigars, and is admired not so much for its flavor as for the fine color and rich glossy appearance it gives to the cigar. Some Panyal praise it have is to the cigar. Some Pennsylvania tobacco is of excellent quality and brings a high price. Pennsylvania "Havan seed" leaf of the crop of 1887, is worth 75 cents per pound. Ohio, Wisconsin and Connecticut tobaccos are also largely used by Pittsburg cigar

when the tobacco comes to the factory it

partment, where the moistened "hands" are untied and the strong mid rib of the leaf dexterously removed. This work is done by women and girls. When the stripping is finished, the tobacco is sorted and arranged in pads for further manipulation.

In another room are the machines by which these is not the size, "fillers".

which tobacco is cut into cigar "fillers." The apparatus is so arranged that the mate rial can be cut of any length desired, and the machinery does its work very rapidly. The tobacco for filling the cigar is taken, along with the leaf in which it is wrapped, to the "bunching" department, where the body of the cigar is made and shaped. This work, formerly all done by hand, is now entirely performed by machinery. The bunching machine is an ingenious contrivance, worked by a treadle after the manner of a sewing machine. It arranges the fillers, puts on the first wrapper and leaves the cigar almost perfectly formed. As the "bunches" come from the machine they are taken by the operative and placed one by one in wooden molds having space for 20 cigars each. The molds are then subjected to pressure for about two hours, when the cigars are ready for the final wrapper and the finishing process. One girl with a machine can bunch about 4,000

would require five persons to do by hand.

It is but a short time since machinery was introduced in cigar making, but its use appears to be rapidly gaining ground. Putting on the outside wrapper and clipoing the large end or butt is the final step in the manufacture of a cigar. This also is

cigars a day, an amount of work which it



Wrapping Cigars. done by girls, who perform their work neatly, skillfully and rapidly. One girl can wrap from 1,000 to 1,200 cigars per day. The cigars when finished and dried go to the packing room, where they are sorted, packed and the boxes stamped and marked ready for shipment. As there are about 14 different shades of color recognized by eigarmakers, and each color must be kept separate, the sorting is quite a particular job. Tobies, both the mold and Wheeling varieties, are made in the factory in large quantities. The so-called Wheeling toby, or stogy, which has but one wrapper, is made entirely by hand. An expert maker can roll about 5,000 tobies per day. Perhaps the most interesting objects of study in the whole factory are the variously designed labels that adorn the interiors of cigar boxes. On these, and other lithographs cigar boxes. On these, and other lithographs used for advertising purposes, hundreds of dollars are expended by the manufacturer. The amount of ingenuity displayed in some of the designs is surprising. One cigar label represents three huge grasshoppers, sitting on a fence, smoking; behind them is a devastated wheat field, and in front a fine field of ripe grain, while over all is the legend, "In this wheat by and by." It is scarcely necessary to state that cigars of this brand are intended for the Kansas trade brand are intended for the Kansas trade.

be very slight. E. W. BARTLETT. WANTED EXCURSION RATES. Granger Tries to Get His Railroad Ticket

words "She roots," with the picture of a

large, fat hog. It pays to spend money and

time on labels, as a name that catches the popular fancy may sometimes cause the sale of millions of a particular grade of cigars,

whereas the demand for the same quality of

goods, under another name, would perhaps

at Bottom Prices. A rustic looking man, about 45 years, of age, stepped up to the window of a Pittsburg ticket office and asked the fare to R-, naming a station some 40 miles out of the city.

"One-forty-five," returned the ticket "Hey?"

"A dollar and 45 cents." "I'll give you a dollar and a quarter apiece and take four of them.' "Couldn't make a reduction if you should take a hundred."

"Seems to me you don't care much about encouraging trade."
"Don't want the trade that comes that vay. Will you have a ticket or not?' The man attempted to argue further, but was silenteed by curt replies. He finally handed out a \$10 bill and asked for four ickets. When he had received them and his change, a DISPATCH reporter who had been standing near, asked the agent:

"Do you often meet such customers?" "Oftener than you would suppose. It is an old story with us. The man who wants to knock down prices bobs up at the depot ccasionally, as he does everywhere else. He is alway a person unaccustomed to traveling, of course, but that doesn't prevent him from being a nuisance."

NOVEL CURE FOR CORNS. An Oil May Says Crude Petroleum Will Fix

Them Every Time. "You are troubled with corns, are you?" said a Pittsburger to one of his friends who walked with a peculiar, limping gait. "Well, everybody has a remedy for them, but the trouble with most of the remedies is that they are no good without faith, and the man afflicted with corns generally considers his case hopeless. But I can tell you of a cure that is simple and effectual. Soak the of us long for a derrick before we get it up afflicted portion of your feet for a considerable time every night-the longer the better -in crude petroleum, then saturate a cloth with the same stuff, wrap it around your toe, put your stocking on and go to bed. A few nights of this treatment will cause the

corn to disappear.
"I first heard of this remedy when I was living in the oil region, and of course I laughed at it. But a little inquiry among the men who worked about the tanks and wells convinced me that they believed in it They said they were never troubled with corns, and assured me that the frequent wetting of their shoes in the oil-a thing they cannot avoid in their occupation—had the effect of driving all these troublesome excrescences away. Try it and it will cure

A DISPATCH reporter, who overheard the above conversation, gives the prescription for what it is worth, not vouching for its curative powers.

BOUQUETS ARE IN FASHION.

And the Men Who Wear Them are Becoming More Numerous. Said a Pittsburg florist: "The custom of wearing button-hole bouquets seems to be slowly gaining favor here. I have a few customers, clerks and business men, who stop in regularly each morning on their way down town, and buy bouquets. A few

years ago any man in this city who did such a thing would have been looked upon as very eccentric, even if he had not been set down as a dude by his associates. "But in other cities, notably New York and London, the practice has long been common. There almost every well-dressed center of his existence, is usually also the most egotistic, self-centered, self-indulgent of men. It is because he studies himself exclusively that his club fuifills to him the whole ideal of existence and satisfies him whole ideal of existence and satisfies him whole ideal of existence and satisfies him in the substance, is usually also the the time."

When the tobacco comes to the factory it is, of course, perfectly dry. It is taken from the cases and dampened by steam, then put through a great number of processes for the purpose of "sweating," color taking a holiday. Pittsform the cases and dampened by steam, then put through a great number of processes for the purpose of "sweating," color taking a holiday. Pittsform the cases for the purpose of "sweating," color taking a holiday. A but tention to the fact that Salvation Oil costs only 25 cents.

Who would waste money? We call attention to the fact that Salvation Oil costs only 25 cents.

The Colonel's Cards.

AN ORIGINAL STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE WRITTEN FOR "THE DISPATCH" BY FRANKLIN FILE.

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CHAPTER IX.

ON AND BESIDE LAKE GEORGE. The face of the sun may have outshone the face of Mr. Jonas Pootle, that day in September, but for genuine geniality the man beat the orb, all things relatively considered. The sun was doing it in a general, functional way, and had not just returned from a bridal journey to Europe, but was merely sailing over Lake George for the millionth daily time, more or less, according as geology and the ages had counted. The grandeur of his accustomed round had the lonesomeness of unmated monotony. To the eyes that were a part of the effulgence of Mr. Pootle's visage the limpfd water of the lake, and the miniature Alps of its bounda-ries, were new; but if in place of the scenic beauties there had been the sterIlity of a desert, the lustrous jollity of the old fellow's happiness would not have been greatly dimmed. He sat centrally in a small vacht, ballasting the craft with his weight, while aboard with less careful disposal were his bride, whom we have known as the Widow Gansett, and with whom his honeymoon was not inclined to expire with its month; Colonel and Sheeba Dallas, whose cross purposes had not been active during the time of May Morris' absence, and who had worked in harmonious business together, without once discussing the subject of their disagreement; and May and the rivals in gallantry towards her, Victor Leroyd and Winston Dallas; beside two

outsiders and a servant girl.

The two strange members of the party were Arba Van Rensselaer and Knickerbocker Knox, proudly descendent from Dutchmen of early New York. Miss Van Rensselaer was widely awakened from the sleepiness of her honored ancestors, and was a thorough exponent of the brisk, alert and piquant belle of Fifth avenue at the present vicious.

period. Mr. Knox was not as different from

much further northward as wind and time

permitted, an hour or so ashore for luncheon

and then a return in the evening to their hotel in the great summer city. The mid-dle of the afterneon and the middle of the

jaunt were reached simultaneously. The

breeze lulled almost to a calm as the boat

got under the lee of a tiny mountain.
"Don't call it a hill, if you please," Miss
Van Rensselaer remonstrated to Knox, who
had directed attention to the sharpness of

its reflection in the clear water; "you ought

to be thrown down to the top of it for belit-

tling the darling of a Mount Blanc."
"Compromise on mountlet," was Knox's

Even the ballast, Mr. Pootle, shifted to

look over the side of the careening craft at the inverted counterpart of the eminence.
"If we could just fall overboard and get

to the summit of your mountlet by sinking, said he, "I'd say that's the spot to lunchon."

"And if that hamper doesn't make some

yonder," said Mr. Pootle, "then I'll eat all

"No, you won't Jonas," said Mrs. Pootle.

"Your wife couldn't see you die of gorge

while her stomach was empty. I'm hun-

they began the ascent, with Victor and Win-

ston, as the first relay, carrying the basket

between them.
"Knick," cried Miss Van Rensselaer,

The girl won, and not because the fellow

permitted her to, as he would have had the

spectators believe.

The lightness of his spirits did not make

him forgetful of the heaviness of his

physique; but his suggestion of the hilltop as the right place for their luncheon was accepted with enthusiasm, notwithstanding the climb that it called for, and which they

started to make as soon as they got ashore.
"There's nothing like a brisk run up a
steep mountain," said Miss Van Rensselaer, as she flung out her arms that were
only half hidden in filmy sleeves, and
stretched her legs behind the curtain of her

skirts, to get rid of the cramp of sitting low in the boat, "to make you feel like taking your feet off the ground and using your

They were a company fit to be seen on a Lake George hillside. The ladies graces of person and dress were not misplaced in

the picturesqueness, and the gentlemen were not much out of harmony, with only

Mr. Pootle's rotundity appealing for the benefit of the doubt. As they climbed they

chatted good-humoredly, excepting Colonel Dallas, who permitted himself to reiapse from his false pretenses of well-bred gaiety into a condition that looked sullen.

"The Colonel is cross," Mrs. Pootle ac

"I deny it," and his instantly forced jollity was in his best vein of impersona-

cusingly remarked.

So were they all; and without more

that's in it.'

ran make afoot."

"And Sheeba has been melancholy ever since we rejoined you at Saratoga," she persisted. "I believe you two have had

a falling out." "Not we. You and Mr. Pootle haven't billed and cooed for three weeks of your

honeymoon any more uninterruptedly than we have for twice as many years. Our wishes never collide—do they Sheeba?" "Oh, no," was Sheeba's smiling lie. Knickerbocker Knox enlivened himself sufficiently to offer to relieve one of the

other young man at the basket.
"I don't know what time it is by my watch, my dear tellows," he languidly said, "but I ought to do a turn at the hamper."
"It is a quarter to 4 by what used to be your watch," said Winston, taking out a

fine gold timepiece.
"What used to be your watch, Knick?"
exclaimed Miss Van Rensselaer. "Did you
give it away rather than carry it up hill?" "No," was the evasive reply; "I dropped it-by chance, you know-last evening.

"And Winnie pieked it up," was the Colonel's proud aside remark to Sheeba.
"A trifling wager," said Winston, with a laugh like a cock's crow. He permitted Knox to take one handle of the basket, and soon, in the clambering which the sharp, rough ascent necessitated, he was apart with his father and Sheeba.

"What diamond is that?" the Colonel asked, as to a gem of considerable value that glistened in a ring on Winston's hand. "'Twas Knox's-'tis mine. I got him to put it up against my glass one—we cut the cards—my pack—and I won."
"Very good; but there is a richer game in hand. Winnie, you must play your trumps for May Morris here and now. This is a

romantic place. You're a plausible pre-sentable chap. Why the devil shouldn't she accept you? Are you going to let her slip The Colonel was still an urbane and dignified gentleman to view from beyond hear-



"BUT, COLONEL SAM DALLAS WAS NO COWARD."

his 1788 progenitors. Cigarettes had taken the place of the long pipe in his mouth, and "all the way over the Atlantic, half a week there were other changes of aspect and habit, in London, all the way back, and two days but he was mistaken in supposing that, like at Saratoga. I've played the eleverest game the young lady, he was aroused and quick- I knew against Vic Leroyd. He hasn't got the young lady, he was aroused and quick-ened intellectually. His drawl and dawdle were not altogether affectations, and he erred winning the prize, it's in spite of the best I in regarding them as complimenary to his can do." "I will tell you why he is winning her," cleverness, for he could not have betokened "You have been queering our game?"
was the Colonel's rough accusation.
"No, I haven't. Victor Leroyd loves acute or active disposition if he had wished o. But it was no matter, as it would have een if he had not inherited a million, and had been compelled to earn a living. He was to marry Miss Van Rensselaer, as soon as May, and he is an honest fellow.' she had enjoyed free maidenhood sufficiently, "He has broken his pledge not to spoon

on the girl." and so there was nothing unusual in their "You may be sure that he has not spoken personal affairs: but when, two days before his love, but you may be just as sure that she knows of it. Winston does not love this sail on Lake George, the Pootle party from Europe rejoined the Dallases at Saratoga, Arba and May found familiar schoolmates in each other, and therefore chance added two persons to the excursion. "O, I'm inclined to think I do," Winston interposed. "A fellow can't be positive, you know. Anyhow, my passion for her fortune is the intensest sort of thing you The plan of the day comprised a railroad ride from Saratoga to Lake George, a sail as

"Well, dad," and Winston took a cue of

can imagine." "You've told her that you love her?" the Colonel asked. "O, yes, a dozen times, in one way or

"What does she say?"

"She doesn't say she's overjoyed." "She doesn't say she won't have it?"
"Not outright. She's such a deucedly amiable sort of a girl, do you see, that she won't wound a chap by anything rude. I rather think she admires me.'

The fellow's heartlessness and vanity

angered Sheeba, and she passionately said: "Now, Sam, you are a gambler. Let this game be fair and I won't dispute the result. Victor and Winston shall offer themselves to May. She shall choose between them or refuse them both. If she accept your son, I will abide by it. The misfortune will be a square loss, and I won't squeal." 'Misfortune? Come, now, mamma-Winston began, but she ignored him; and

so did the Colonel, whose flush of auger was hardly mistakable for the heat of exercise, He growled: "If she accepts Leroyd, I swear to you that she shall be made ashamed and unhappy for life. I will tell her-"

"Stop, stop for heaven's sake." "What's up, parents?" Winston asked wonderingly. "I don't seem to be on the wonderingly. "I don't inside of this business."

"This woman forgets that we play to win," was the wrathful response. "She wants me to deal honest cards and take even chances of losing. If we do lose, as there is a sky "I'll race you up to the maple youder."
"And let's show them the pace that two
members of the Westchester Country Club above us," and a half raised fist menaced Sheeba, "she shall be exposed to the girl for

what she is -" "Keep that from even Winston," the maddened woman exclaimed, and with her open palm she struck the Colonel flatly on the mouth, "or I'll"-The threat was not spoken, and the blow

caused a calm instead of heightening the Habitual control of their nerves enabled the Dallases to compose themselves as the party drew close together again, and the Colonel sank the faintest trace of choler in a hearty insistence upon taking Victor's end of the hamper. That left the unmarried

five free to choose companions during the brief remainder of the ascent. Victor and Winston gave each a gallant arm to May Morris, and with their help she was taken rapidly ahead of the others. The way was green with turf, yellow and red with autumnal leaves, gray with rocks and with autumnal leaves, gray with rocks and still more variegated in colors here and there by wild flowers. Frequently May stooped between her escorts, or ran a little way from them, to pluck a flower, and at length each hand was strained by a clutch of a big

"Beautiful, are they not?" as she held a bunch before the eyes of each young man;

They let her bury their noses in the flowers, and neither could discern any partiality when she next pressed the two rival handfuls against her own face. Again she slipped away from their arms, with a